

A GIRL CALLED JUDITH STRICK

Screenplay Written by Ken Luber

Based on the Autobiography
"A Girl Called Judith Strick"

Reg WGAw

TITLE SEQUENCE (Music over): LVOV, POLAND - 1939.. Through a montage of soft dissolves, a young BIRD pecks at crumbs on a rooftop. Then flies through the sunny, late Winter sky. The snow has melted. A few blades of grass push through the damp earth and buds dot the slate-gray branches. The BIRD flutters its wings in a pool of water on the cobblestone street. A group of school children rush by, splashing through the still water, sending the bird in flight. A crust of bread, dropped by one of the children, floats on the silent pool. Moments later, a policeman or soldier's boot passes through, inadvertently stepping on, crushing the bread crust. The BIRD perches on a sagging green awning. The images in the background make apparent to our eye we are in a town of some size, hardly a country village but neither is it a metropolis. Now the BIRD pecks at a few seeds on a window ledge, set in the second story of an old, well-cared for apartment. We can see the figure of a girl in the window.

END TITLES

1. INT. STRICK FAMILY APARTMENT - MORNING

JUDITH sprinkles a few more seeds on the window ledge, as a VOICE interrupts her.

MOTHER (O.C.)

Judith! Your brother's waiting!

The off-camera voice pulls Judith quickly back to getting herself ready.

JUDITH

I'm on my way!

She darts back to the dresser mirror and gives her dark blond hair a few flicks with the brush. JUDITH STRICK is seventeen. Her deep green eyes give her pretty face intelligence, while her mouth renders a sensitivity that can be easily disturbed. She has a comely, pleasant figure. Now she ties a ribbon in her hair...

She grabs up her SCHOOLBOOKS We see by the titles, Judith is studying Geography, Mathematics, French. As quickly as she scooped her books up, she sets them down, her eyes falling on a pink BOTTLE OF INEXPENSIVE PERFUME. Judith dabs her wrist with perfume, sniffs, falls in love with the fragrance, inspiring her to profusion, dabbing more behind her ears, her neck and a special touch at the base of her throat.

2. EXT. STREET BELOW STRICK APART. - SAME

MICHAEL, Judith's older brother, is standing on the sidewalk, growing impatient. Michael is eighteen. His dark, serious mood dominates an artist's face.

MICHAEL

(shouting)

Judith! We're going to be late! Judith!

3. INT. APART. KITCHEN - SAME

Judith races into the kitchen, grabs a piece of bread off the table, biting into it as she races out the door.

MOTHER

That's all you're going to eat..?

But before she can finish the question, Judith is gone. Judith's mother looks back at her youngest son, (ARTHUR), still sitting at the table. She shrugs, starts to clean off the table.

MOTHER

(mumbles)

Teenagers... They don't eat when you tell them to and, when they do eat, it's nothing you want them to..

Mrs. Strick is about forty, dark-complected like her oldest son, and getting plumper as she moves into middle age. Judith's quick intelligence is reflected in her mother's eyes. But some matters are more mundane. She covers the jam and butter.

MOTHER

Enough jam. Drink your milk, Arthur...

4. EXT. SCHOOL SOCCER FIELD -DAY

Girls, in blue uniforms, shriek and yell, racing up the field, towards the goal. The Camera finds Judith among the pack. She takes a nice kick pass and deftly sends the ball sailing towards the net. She slips on the wet grass. A friend (YANA) tumbles on top of her. Judith and her stocky friend laugh. Her friend notices a couple of boys, watching from behind a chain-link fence. Judith casts a glance back towards the university boys.

JUDITH

A husband for you, Yana?

The idea inspires more giggles between the two friends, interrupted by the piercing sound of the husky female INSTRUCTOR'S whistle.

5. INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The bespectacled INSTRUCTOR, with thinning hair, checks off a notation on his desk calendar, clearly noted, MARCH 10, 1939. He looks up at the class, of young men and women, busily writing in work books. Some of the faces are familiar from the soccer field. A fellow with blond hair and a pimply face is falling asleep. Another young man catches the instructor's eye and quickly returns to his work book. This is PETER. He has light blond hair, cut short, intense blue eyes set against a wide, handsome face.

INSTRUCTOR

Judith...
 (she looks up)
 Voltaire's most important novels?

JUDITH

(she starts to answer)
 They were ...

INSTRUCTOR

(interrupting)
 In French, please.

JUDITH

(in French)
 They were "Candide" and "Zadig."

Peter leans across his desk, mumbling to a friend.

PETER

Her boyfriend will have to speak a dozen languages
 to keep up with her...

Judith catches the remark and turns a sharp look towards Peter.

INSTRUCTOR

Did you have something you wished to tell the class,
 Peter?

PETER

(embarrassed)
 No, Instructor Lukaszewski..

6. EXT. LVOV TRAIN STATION - DUSK

An old, toothless man is hawking his NEWSPAPERS in front of the station,
 shouting the headline to the passing crowd..

NEWSPAPER SELLER

"Hitler Makes New Demands In Czechoslovakia!"...
 "Hitler Makes New Demands In Czechoslovakia!"...

Through the crowd, we see Judith at the side of her father, reserved,
 business-like, in a fine black top coat. Mr. Strick is in deep conversation
 with an elderly, bearded man, carrying a briefcase.

GRANDPA

Hitler's a madman! And a butcher, to boot! Now that
 he has Czechoslovakia, he'll stomp on Poland next!
 (he stops)
 Listen to me, Alex, take the family and join me in
 Palestine.

MR. STRICK

Pa, you go there in retirement, but I have a family to feed. What would I do in a desert? We've gone over this a hundred times...

(putting his arms out to embrace his father)

God bless you. My love is with you and write us as soon as you touch the Holy Land.

GRANDPA

Judith..

JUDITH

Grandpa...

(they embrace)

GRANDPA

Goodby, darling. You are so bright, so beautiful. Be very careful.

A train attendant calls the last passengers to board. The powerful whistle signals departure time.

MR. STRICK

You must go, pa.

GRANDPA

Goodby, son.

(they exchange a heartfelt handshake)

Grandpa climbs on board the train, quickly disappearing into the crowded car, slowly pulling away... Judith and her father start away from the tracks.

JUDITH

(walking)

Do you think Poland will be next, Papa?

MR. STRICK

Your grandpa worries about whether the sun will come up or not. That's the way he is. I have more faith..

(he sees a FLOWER STALL)

Come, my princess, we'll buy some flowers.

7. EXT. FLOWER KIOSK - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Strick and Judith approach the old lady, selling flowers. Her face is as round and bright as the dozen bouquets in her stall. Mr. Strick reaches out for a bouquet of yellow flowers.

MR. STRICK

These look fresh.

JUDITH

No, papa; these are my favorite.

Judith guides his arm to a bouquet of violets.

MR. STRICK

Ah, violets! We'll take these.

He picks the violets from the water can.

8. EXT. WAR FOOTAGE - (MONTAGE) - DAY/NIGHT

The sky filled with fighter planes. Bombs exploding.. September 1, 1939.
Super over: "THE GERMAN ARMY INVADES POLAND"...

9. INT. STRICK APART. (JUDITH'S BEDROOM) - NIGHT

The room is dark. Judith is at her bedroom window, watching the planes overhead. We can hear the bombs exploding, the sound of aircraft and attack guns. All we see are the sudden bursts of light reflected on Judith's face...

MR. STRICK

Judith! Everyone's already gone down to the cellar!
Hurry!

Judith looks back to the bedroom doorway.

JUDITH

(to herself)

Grandpa was right...

She hurries into the darkness of the hallway.

10. INT. CELLAR AIR RAID SHELTER - NIGHT

The narrow cellar is crowded with people from the apartment building. Kerosene lamps and candles flicker through the darkness. The faces are a blend of tension, fear, fatigue, mixed with a nervous sense of excitement on some of the children. And everywhere there is chatter. Judith huddles with her family. Conversations are interspersed with explosions, the sounds of war.

MOTHER

In World War One, there were no bombers. I remember the German Army. They entered Rovno on horses, with shining helmets. They were kind and decent.

JUDITH

But these are Nazis, Mama. Do you think they will be kind to us Jews?

A sudden explosion turns their heads towards the ceiling. Judith looks to a tall, thin neighbor, biting on a cigarette. He is about twenty, filled with passion.

NEIGHBOR

In Czechoslovakia some of the people are fighting back. And in Holland too! They are not sitting like sheep for the slaughter. There is an Underground resistance!

OLD LADY

(butts in)

And if they catch you, they torture you until you wish you had stayed a sheep!

MR. STRICK

Judith...

She looks back to her father, who puts his arm out, drawing her closer.

MR. STRICK

We will be safe...

11. EXT. STREET SCENE OF LVOV (MONTAGE) - AS TIME PASSES

SUPER OVER: the following images: "1941" The town sign, Lvov, is whitewashed over and replaced with the name, LEMBERG. Then we see Judith standing in a bread line, with women waiting for their ration. The faces look weary, filled with deep concern. Clothing has taken on a shabby look. The bright liveliness we once saw in Judith's eyes has now turned to growing anxiety. She wears an armband, inscribed with the Jewish Star of David.

As Judith moves up in the line, she notices a sign on the storefront window: "Ukraines, Poles, No Jews!" She turns away, leaving the line. As she steps from the curb, a MILITARY JEEP roars past, almost knocking her down. Judith watches the jeep speed away, her face turning dark in anger.

12. EXT. STREET SIGN - DUSK (CONTINUATION OF MONTAGE)

Judith is reading the posted sign, in large black letters: "Jewish people of Lemberg will pay twenty million reichmarks. Jews responsible for the outbreak of World War II will pay damages caused by war operations to the city and Aryan population and expenses of the German Army to bring order to the city..." She reads the sign, totally engrossed. A young worker approaches.

WORKER

Hurry home. Curfew is at eight o' clock. You don't want to get caught!

Judith stares at the bearded man, looking into his hungry eyes.

WORKER

Go!.. Are you deaf?

She turns and hurries down the street.

13. INT. STRICK APART. (PARLOR) - NIGHT

Arthur is on the floor, reading a book. We hear MUSIC, laced heavily with static. Judith fidgets with the radio knob, as the newscast begins. Mr. Strick sits at a table, working.

MR. STRICK

(looks up)

Any news about the Russian army?

JUDITH

I can't make out two words in a row..

MR. STRICK

We haven't had a letter from Michael in almost a month. I was hoping the BBC would...

A LOUD KNOCK on the door stops him in mid-sentence. All eyes turn sharply to the apartment door. Judith looks back to the radio. Carefully, she turns the radio dial to a local music station. Mrs. Strick stands in the kitchen doorway.

MOTHER

(looking at her husband)

Who is it?

The knock repeats... The family tenses with fear.

JUDITH

I'll get it.

She gets off her knees and goes to the door.

JUDITH

Who is it?

UKRANIAN POLICEMAN (O.C.)

Open the door!

For a split second, Judith hesitates. Then, she opens the door.

14. INT. STRICK APART. - SCENE CONTINUES

Three men appear in the doorway, a tough-looking Ukranian Policeman, a tall German Policeman and the old, whiskered Ukranian caretaker.

UKRANIAN POLICEMAN

We want the Jew, Alexander Strick.

JUDITH

Why now, after the curfew?

UKRANIAN POLICEMAN

We need some men for a job. It will only take a couple of hours...

JUDITH

My father is not well..

MR. STRICK

(standing)

Judith, it is okay. Tell them I will get my coat.

MOTHER

Alex...

MR. STRICK

(putting on his coat)

It will only be a few hours, I'm sure. There is nothing to worry about...

He maintains a calm voice, covering the creeping terror they all feel.

JUDITH

If it will only be a few hours, I would like to accompany my father to this... work place.

GERMAN POLICEMAN

You must stay here.

JUDITH

I could help too.

GERMAN POLICEMAN

(sternly)

No. Get out of the way.

MR. STRICK

(coming to the door)

You must excuse my daughter. Like her grandpa, she worries too much..

(gives Judith a kiss)

Goodby, my princess...

(kisses Arthur)

Arthur, you be good.

(and, then, his wife)

I won't be long, darling. I love you.

Then, with gentle dignity and fortitude, he turns to the policemen and leaves.

JUDITH

Papa...

The words barely leave her lips as the door closes. The family is gripped in a sickening, ominous feeling. Judith quickly goes to the window. She looks down.

JUDITH'S P.O.V. - THROUGH WINDOW

A Police Car is parked at the curb. The path to the street is empty. Then she sees her father and the two policemen enter her view. As they reach the street, Mr. Strick turns back, looking up to the window. He raises his hand, a small, quiet gesture of farewell. The Ukranian Policeman pulls him back, into the waiting car. The car pulls away. The street is empty again.

BACK TO SCENE

Judith's mother stands next to her, at the window.

JUDITH

He will be back in a few hours...

She embraces her mother, who fights back the tears that well up in her eyes.

15. EXT. POLICE STATION - EARLY MORNING

Gray, chill morning. Judith stands in front of the small Police Station. An armed policeman stands guard. A man leaves, pulling up his coat collar, as he hurries away. Judith looks down at her arm band. She takes a deep breath and enters the building.

16. INT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Judith looks around. She goes over to a Police Clerk, behind a desk. He busies himself with paper work.

JUDITH

Excuse me, I would like to talk to someone about my father. He didn't return home last night and I thought someone here could tell me where he might be.

CLERK

(preoccupied)

I don't know where your father is. I don't know who your father is.

JUDITH

Alexander Strick.

CLERK

I don't know any Alexander Strick.

(snorts)

I don't know any Stricks!

JUDITH

Please...

Even his callousness cannot ignore the plea in her eyes. Annoyed, he gets up.

CLERK

I don't have that kind of information. You can talk to the Captain.

17. INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

As she follows the Clerk to a small office. The Clerk knocks on the door.

VOICE (O.C.)

Yes?

The Clerk opens the door and enters. Judith stands outside the door, listening.

CLERK (O.C.)

I have a Jew looking for her father. She will not go away.

A few policemen pass Judith in the hall, talking loudly. A moment later, the Clerk steps out.

CLERK

You are lucky the Captain is nice. It is a waste of his time.

Judith enters the office.

18. INT. OFFICE - SAME

The uniformed Police Captain is standing at the window, his back to Judith.

CAPTAIN

I have no information on any prisoners taken last night. Maybe if you come back later in the day, I will...

He turns around. His voice stops cold as their eyes lock, in recognition.

JUDITH

Peter...

PETER

Judith Strick...

It is Peter from Tarnopol, the handsome boy from her university classes. Suddenly, he becomes self-conscious; the uniform, the setting, all indict him.

PETER

What a surprise...

JUDITH

To see me here or you there?

PETER

I'll try to find out what I can about your father.
 (he comes around his desk)
 Where are you living now?

JUDITH

You find out about my father. I'll come back.
 (she starts to leave)

PETER

Judith... You don't trust me...

She turns back. It is more a question than a statement.

JUDITH

I never thought I'd see you in that disgusting
 uniform, in this office.

PETER

(lowers his voice)
 Sometimes, there are reasons we can't explain.
 Imagine if there were only bad Ukrainians serving in
 the Police Force?

JUDITH

How do I know you're not?

PETER

(he smiles)
 I am. But I want to help you. Give me your address.
 I must see you again.

Judith hesitates. She looks into his eyes, weighing her trust.

19. EXT. JUDITH WALKING ON STREET - LATER

Blinded with rage and lost in terrible thoughts of her father's plight, Judith is nearly knocked down by several German soldiers, carrying furniture and other valuables out of an apartment building.

GERMAN SOLDIER

(shoves her back)
 Look where you are going, Jew!

The soldiers drive away. An elderly Jewish Couple stands in a doorway nearby.

OLD WOMAN

They just come in and take whatever they want!

JUDITH
 (full of rage)
 I could kill all of them!

OLD MAN
 How? With what?
 (he looks at Judith)
 We have nothing to fight with.

20. EXT. JEWISH COUNCIL BUILDING - DAY

A sign above the door identifies the old building. People move in and out. Judith enters.

21. INT. STRICK APART. (KITCHEN) - EVENING

Judith is helping her mother clean after dinner.

MOTHER
 Yashka says that Papa is imprisoned at one of the police stations and he can get him out.

JUDITH
 Yashka is a drunk, mama. I wouldn't trust what he says.

MOTHER
 Better we should trust your friend, Peter? How much blood does he have on his hands?

Judith has no answer. She puts some dishes away, changing the subject.

JUDITH
 I stopped at the Jewish Council this afternoon. There was a notice for girls to clean and do kitchen work at one of the Police Buildings. They even pay a little money. Or, at least, they might feed me. That would help us.

MOTHER
 Don't tell them you speak German, Judith. Don't ever let them know.

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

MOTHER
 Who could that be?

JUDITH
 I'll see.

22. INT. JUDITH AT THE APARTMENT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

JUDITH
Who is it?

PETER (O.C.)
Peter!

23. EXT. NEARBY WOODED AREA - NIGHTFALL

Judith and Peter walking in a lonely, wooded grove. The half moon is just beginning to show in the purple sky.

PETER
Ten thousand Jews were picked up last night and taken to the yard of Leckiego Prison. Then they were put into big trucks.

JUDITH
(she stops)
Tell me the truth. I don't want to be lied to. Is my father dead?

PETER
Most of the men were put on eastward bound trains. Probably to work near the front.
(they start to walk again)

JUDITH
So what am I to think? Should I believe my father is alive somewhere?

PETER
I don't know... I don't have enough connections yet to be able to find out everything.

Judith detects something in his voice. Maybe Peter is not what he seems.

JUDITH
If you knew how much I hate and despise the Fascist murderers. I would give my life to be able to kill them, sabotage and destroy them!

PETER
(takes her arm)
Such talk could cost you your life, Judith.

JUDITH
I thought I could trust you. I thought perhaps you could help me find a way. to fight back.

PETER

(laughs)

That's feminine logic! You just said that you hate the Germans and their helpers and would kill them if you could. Then you say to me, the Ukranian Police Officer, the anti-semite, the collaborator, that I could show you the right way to become an agent and informer for the Germans, for the Gestapo and for my own Ukranian Police!

JUDITH

You don't understand what I'm saying! You twisted it! I'm sorry I ever talked to you, you dirty collaborator! You have blood on your hand and you eat the devil's food!

Judith starts to run. Peter quickly catches her and stops her.

PETER

Judith, shut up and listen to me!

JUDITH

Let go of me! ... How many people have you already murdered?

PETER

(lowers his voice)

We will meet again. I can show you the way to fight.

His eyes reveal an earnestness, a truth.

JUDITH

I can trust you...?

Without a word, his eyes answer.

JUDITH

I knew it. When? Where?

PETER

Leave that to me.

(starting to back away)

A way to fight....

Judith watches him disappear into the gathering darkness... She starts back towards her home.

24. INT. JEWISH COUNCIL BUILDING - MORNING

The sad eyes of young Jewish girls, standing in line. The German officer scrutinizes their faces and physiques. Even in their attempt to look bold and able, despair clings to them. The Officer points to a tall girl, with straight, brown hair.

OFFICER

(sharply)

You...

(then to a husky girl)

And you...

(a girl with dark curls)

And you...

The girls move out of the line. Then he stops, giving the girl with dark blond hair a sharp look.

OFFICER

Are you really a Jew?

Judith leans towards her friend.

JUDITH

(in Polish)

Tell him I am a pure Jew.

FRIEND

(in German)

She says she is pure Jewish.

The Officer gives Judith a second look. He jerks his hand up, motioning her into the girls chosen for work.

25. INT. POLICE BATTALION 10 - DAY

Alone, in the gloomy light of the hallway, Judith mops the floor. She passes an office door, partially open. Her mop hits the bottom of the door, pushing it slightly more open. No one seems to be within. Then a soldier steps out of another office. Judith quickly looks up. STAFF SGT. JOHN comes down the hall. He is about forty, kind, blue eyes, a cheery smile, and a stomach that shows he wouldn't miss a meal for the world..

SGT. JOHN

Ah, you are doing an excellent job! You work so fast. You will have this whole floor done before I get back from lunch.

Judith nods. Sgt. John slaps his belly and starts down the stairwell.

SGT. JOHN

I will bring you a bowl of soup!

Judith waits a moment. She looks towards the empty stairwell. She turns and looks up the long hall. Silence. Judith spills the bucket of water into the doorway of the partially open office. She pushes the door open. The office is empty.

26. INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Judith sets her mop against the wall. She quickly scans the office, moving to the FILE CABINETS. Judith opens the drawer marked "DAILY ORDERS." She thumbs through files noting patrol routes; prisons, radio stations and military depots guarded by battalions; names and addresses of army commanders and police officials; the various kinds of police in the German system; accounts of underground attacks against the German army; committing all of this to memory.

Then she hears the frightening sound of hob nail boots on the stairwell, the sound of voices. Silently, Judith closes the file drawer. She takes her mop and pushes the water through the doorway, working her way into the hall, as the soldiers reach the landing.

27. INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Two soldiers rudely push past her. One purposely knocks her bucket over.

SOLDIER

Out of the way, dumbkopf! You make room for German officers.

(he looks at her with a sneer)

Last night we set your synagogue on fire. The Jewish God is burnt to ashes!

JUDITH

Don't be stupid. You can't burn God. Even a Jewish one!

OFFICER

Ha! What a tongue she has, Hans!

(to Judith)

Be careful, or you will find your tongue in your pocket.

They leave. Judith's eyes fill with hate.

28. EXT. STREET - DAY

A narrow street; most of the people passing wear Jewish armbands. JUDITH'S MOTHER is pushing a cart, filled with family belongings. Arthur is at her side. A POLICE CAR, on the other side of the street, comes into view, slowly following Mrs. Strick. Then we see that PETER is the driver. He observes, unnoticed.

29. INT. NEW STRICK APART. - DAY

Mrs. Strick is hanging a few articles of clothing in a closet. The apartment, once elegant, is now shabby, the plaster cracked, fixtures have been removed and little furniture remains. It is a depressing scene.

MOTHER

The Police came a few minutes after you left for work. They ordered us to move, immediately. Then Peter came. He wanted to know where we were moving to and where you were working.

JUDITH

Did you tell him?

Judith folds some clothes.

MOTHER

I don't know if I should have, but he seemed like he cared...

A housewife enters, with two small children. She carries a heavy carton, exchanges a greeting with Mrs. Strick and continues through to another room. Judith watches her leave.

MOTHER

There are six people to each room. We have three rooms so there are eighteen people here. The Nazis turn our own apartments into homes for their mistresses and treat us like animals.. What are you thinking, Ditta?

JUDITH

Nothing...

(absently, to herself)

I wonder what Peter wanted..?

30. EXT. POLICE BATTALION 310 - EARLY MORNING

Cold, windy. Judith starts across the street. Suddenly, a POLICE CAR lurches in front of her, screeching to an abrupt stop, its horn blaring.

DRIVER

(shouting)

Jew, are you a moron? Get over here!

Judith takes a few steps towards the car.

JUDITH

I did not see you. I will be late for work, Officer.

DRIVER

Come here.

(she moves closer)

You are lucky to have a job but...

(he pushes back the brim of his cap, revealing his face)

I have better work for you.

JUDITH

Peter!

PETER

(in a low voice)

You mean it? You are willing to fight, to sabotage,
to kill?

She is stunned. Her eyes answer with a fire more powerful than any words.

PETER

Good. What time is your workshift over?

JUDITH

Five.

PETER

Five it is. I will meet you at that corner.
(his glance shifts to the far
corner)

Then he shoves his car into gear.

PETER

(loudly)

Next time, Jew, wait for the car to pass!

Judith watches the car speed away. She turns and hurries up the steps, past the Guard, who gives her a contemptuous look. Judith enters the Battalion Building.

31. EXT. TOWN SKYLINE - EARLY EVENING

In the distance, we hear the church bells toll five o'clock. The sky is melting into reds and shades of blue. A brief moment of peacefulness seems to have settled over Lemberg.

32. INT. SAFE HOUSE (BASEMENT) - LATER

Darkness. Flames of the candle and kerosene lamp flicker across the faces of a handful of warriors; ALEX, IVAN, STEPHAN, NADIA... ending on Peter....

PETER

(in a strong, clear whisper)

"Joining the ranks of the fighting Underground,
against the German Nazi occupiers and invaders, I
vow and promise solemnly to be ready to fulfill...."

As Peter utters the first lines of the oath, we see Judith, in candlelight, across from him, repeating the words... Then her voice blends with his, as The Oath continues:

33. INT. POLICE BATTALION 10 - DAY

Judith secretly going through the Police File Cabinets...

34. EXT. BLOWING UP A RADIO TRANSMITTER - NIGHT

Peter and Judith working together in sabotage. It is clear that he is her mentor...

Note: Montage scenes 33 and 34 appear over the following CONTINUATION...

PETER & JUDITH (V.O.)

(continuing)

... any order of my superiors, to be ready to renounce everything for this sacred fight, even give my life, health and freedom... I will never betray by action or word this organization, my fellow partisans, or any information, even under threat and torture. I will carry high our pride and love of freedom and independence. And if I fail in my actions and betray by weakness of soul or body...

35. INT. RETURN TO SAFE HOUSE (BASEMENT) - SAME AS SCENE 32

PETER

(continuing)

... my name will be despised by freedom-loving people; contempt and most severe punishment will be my just reward..."

Judith repeats the final words... The glimmer of hope and triumph fills Peter, reflected in Judith's eyes.

36. EXT. LVOV BUSINESS DISTRICT - ANOTHER EVENING

Signs of night-life. German soldiers walk by, looking for a good time. The Camera finds Judith, standing in front of a storefront window, applying her lipstick, in the glassy reflection. She has on a bright dress that hugs her youthful figure; her hair is up in curls. She wears high heels and is without her Jewish arm-band. A soldier gives her the eye as he walks by but she ignores the flirtation...

She starts up the street, passing several young German soldiers. Then she sees a decorated Officer (SS SGT. HANS JURGEN). Their eyes meet. She notices the skull and bones on his cap and collar. The Officer makes no advance. Judith passes him, tossing a smile his way. After a few steps, she stops, bends down, as if to fix her shoe or pick something up. She glances back, with an inviting smile. This time, as she starts across the street, Jurgen notices the handkerchief Judith has dropped. He picks it up and follows her, quickly catching up, as she reaches the sidewalk.

JURGEN

Fraulein, you lost your handkerchief.

JUDITH

Oh, thank you! How sweet of you, *mein Herr*.

He is tall, with a long, thin face, marred by a nasty scar running along his left cheek.

JURGEN

You speak German. How wonderful!

JUDITH

It is my mother tongue, *Scharfuher*. My family has been German for many generations, though we have lived on foreign soil.

The conversation has a veneer of politeness but their eyes convey a less innocent intent.

JURGEN

Permit me to introduce myself. I am Hans Jurgen from Dresden. As you see, an *SS Scharfuher*, veteran of the Polish, Balkan, French and Russian campaigns.

JUDITH

I am greatly honored. I am only a student. My name is Annemarie...

JURGEN

Why don't we walk together. It is such a lovely night..

Judith answers the request with an alluring smile. Jurgen takes her arm.

37. EXT. JUDITH AND THE OFFICER WALKING - MOMENTS LATER

They have turned down a quiet, tree-lined street. Jurgen is holding her arm. The moon is rising.

JUDITH

It has been difficult for a girl, alone, in these times. The Bolsheviks deported my family. But, thank God, your armies have come to our rescue.

JURGEN

We are here to give our lives to serve you, my sweet Annemarie.

He presses her arm closer.

JUDITH

Hans Jurgen, it is getting very late. It will be curfew soon.

JURGEN

Then I shall take you home. At least, give me that pleasure...

JUDITH

(smiles)

You make the request so difficult to refuse. A hero of so many battles. I admire you so much.

She touches the East Medal on his chest.

38. INT. APPROACHING THE SAFE HOUSE - LATER

It is dark now. The house is set alone on a hill, surrounded by tall pines and a nearby orchard. They climb a narrow path.

JUDITH

Shh.. We must be very quiet.. If we are lucky, the housekeeper will be out. Follow me..

They move through the shadows. A slip of moonlight shines through the thick branches.

JURGEN

In three days I go back to the Eastern Front. I will miss you but I am sure we will be in Moscow very soon...

JUDITH

Come...

She takes his hand, leading Jurgen to the small, wood-frame cottage. Judith stumbles on the step, creating a noise. Then she knocks on the door.

JUDITH

(whispers)

Let's wait a minute to see if anyone is inside.

Silence. A foxy smile grows on the Nazi face.

JUDITH

We're in luck, Hans.

Judith removes a key from her purse. Slowly, she turns the lock and pushes the door open.

39. INT. SAFE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Utter darkness. Judith leads Jurgen by the hand. Suddenly, hands fly out, grappling the Officer by the chest, neck and face, throwing him to the floor. He lets out a muffled scream. The struggle ends quickly.

Judith steps back, catching her breath. Peter and Ivan kneel beside Jurgen, pinning back his arms.

JUDITH

He is an SS Officer, with an Iron Cross and an East Medal.

Jurgen shoots her a look of fiery hatred.

JURGEN

(bolting up)

You goddamned whore!

(Judith slaps him hard across the face)

Who are you? I know nothing. I am only a soldier in the front.

JUDITH

Take care of him.

40. INT. ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Judith stands in front of a small, cracked mirror, in the glow of a kerosene lamp. She wipes the lipstick off her lips. Then she removes the cheap jewelry from her ears.

41. INT. BASEMENT - LATER

Jurgen is bound to a chair. A bare yellow bulb hangs above his head. His disheveled appearance tells us he has been roughed up. Now he is whining, crying out for mercy.

JURGEN

Don't kill me! I'm not a bad German. I'll show you my Officer. He's a real son of a bitch! He tortured people in the East. He ordered us to burn houses with the people in them! Why kill me? I want to live. Have mercy.. please...

Peter, Ivan and Alex watch unmoved. Judith turns away. Suddenly, several shots echo in the tiny room. Jurgen slumps forward in the chair, blood oozing on his dark green uniform.

42. INT. ROOM IN SAFE HOUSE - LATER

Judith is standing at a window, looking out at the darkness. Peter comes up behind her. The mood is somber.

PETER

What are you thinking?

JUDITH

This is the eleventh officer I have brought back to die.

PETER

Are you sorry?

JUDITH

No, I am not sorry.

PETER

To the Nazis, he is simply another officer missing, awol, a deserter. To us, his death means we have one more pistol, an SS uniform, documents and papers we can use.

43. AS IVAN ENTERS THE ROOM - SCENE CONTINUES

Ivan is a stocky Pole, narrow eyes and a pug nose. His smile keeps him from looking like a hit man.

IVAN

Scharfuher Jurgen is a memory. Soaked in lye and buried under a pile of potatoes.

PETER

Our people had no choice in their graves either.

JUDITH

(picks up her coat)

I must go. It is almost curfew.

PETER

Why not sleep here?

It is an innocent question, but it lingers with the trace of their growing feeling for each other.

JUDITH

Mama will be crazy with fear if I'm not home.

Peter moves with her to the door.

IVAN

Judith, you are becoming quite an expert at catching the rat. You have nerves of steel.

PETER

You have your false I.D. card and documentation...?

JUDITH

Yes.

They hesitate. She starts to open the door.

PETER

Judith.. Be careful...

They hold each other's look, his eyes glowing with a sentiment that speaks louder than simple concern. Then she leaves.

44. INT. REAR HALLWAY STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Judith fumbles in the dark, removing a board on one of the steps. She exchanges some papers. Then we see her slip her Jewish Star of David over her arm.

45. INT. STRICK APART. KITCHEN - A MOMENT LATER

Judith peeks into the kitchen. Her mother is pouring Arthur a cup of tea. She looks up.

MOTHER

Where have you been?

JUDITH

I had to work late.

The conversation is carried on in lowered voices.

MOTHER

There's a German officer sitting in the other room.

Judith's heart sinks. She walks over to the doorway and peers into the room. A look of relief comes to her face. Staff Sergeant John sits comfortably, tapping his hands. His large frame fills the only decent chair.

46. INT. AS JUDITH ENTERS THE SITTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JUDITH

Staff Sergeant John, good evening.

SGT. JOHN

(smiles brightly)

Ah, good evening, Judith. You were out so late. I was worried you might get caught for a curfew violation.

JUDITH

I had extra work to do...

She looks over to another entry. Several people from the apartment have crowded into the doorway, listening in on the conversation. Sgt. John follows her look. The people duck back, disappearing behind the closing door.

SGT. JOHN

Judith, I have found a better job for you. I know two German sisters who want someone to clean and cook for them. I have already told them about you.

JUDITH

That is very kind. What do they do?

SGT. JOHN

Both are officials in the food department of the Mayor's office. They do a good deal of "entertaining"...

(then, quickly)

But they have plenty of food and a nice, big apartment.

(he gets to his feet)

I have written their names and address on this paper. You report to them in the morning.

(he hands her the paper)

JUDITH

(reading note)

Grete and Cilly Schultze...

Sgt. John walks over to Mrs. Strick, who has entered the room.

SGT. JOHN

You see, madame, one German takes your husband away and another kisses your hand and cares enough to get your daughter a decent job....

(he kisses her hand)

The world has gone crazy.

Sgt. John crosses to the door.

SGT. JOHN

Good night.

(he leaves)

Judith and her mother stare in silence.

MOTHER

(repeats softly)

The world has gone crazy...

(she looks over to her daughter)

Where were you tonight?

Judith meets her mother's eyes. She turns away, moving to the window.

MOTHER

You don't have to tell me... I fought in the resistance, against the czar, many years ago...

Judith looks back, holding her mother's look.

47. EXT. SCHULTZE APRT. BUILDING - MORNING

Judith approaches the building. The old PORTER stops her. She explains that she has been sent by Staff Sgt. John. He nods; Judith enters the building. (NOTE: This scene is done without sound dialogue. We simply see the action.)